

May 11th, 2024

Dear Judge Gardephe,

I am writing this letter to you about my father, Dr. William Weiner, and I do hope that you will hold these words in mind as you determine what you believe to be a fair sentence. My name is Ashley Schreier, Bill's middle daughter and a practicing breast oncologist and researcher in New York City. In my role as an oncologist, I often find myself walking on a tightrope between life and death; holding my patient's hand as they take their last breaths and then giving my daughter a bath just hours later. In these difficult moments, it is not uncommon that I ask myself why- why I chose such a harrowing career, why I often jeopardize my mental and physical health to ensure the wellbeing of others. Within an instant my mind repeats the mantra that has gotten me through so much, "its in your blood." Medicine that is, is in my blood. From as early as I can remember, my father and his father Melvyn (also a radiologist), have been telling me that I was born to be a physician. My father is incredibly proud of my sister Rose and I for being fourth generation physicians in our family. I have been fortunate to hear the countless stories my dad has told me, ever since I was a small child listening to my dolls with a stethoscope. My father has instilled in me that medicine is magical. It is a career and a profession that is so special there is simply "nothing like it!"

In March of 2020, during the peak of the COVID-19 pandemic, I witnessed more death than I hope to ever see in my career. On my first COVID shift, after hearing an emergency cardiac arrest code announcement, my colleagues and I ran across the ward to the room of a man who's skin was blue. Unlike most code situations, not a single person besides the patient was in the room. Hospital staff were afraid to enter without the proper masks and protective equipment (which were in shortage). Feeling a deep sense of purpose I ran into the room and began chest compressions. It was instinct. After over 45 minutes of cardiac resuscitation, my colleague and I were informed of the ventilator ration whereby we could not offer a ventilator to this patient based on his age and comorbid conditions. We had to let him go. When I got home after that overnight shift my father was the first person I called; in screaming hysterics I begged him not to leave his house, informed him that there will likely not be a ventilator available to him if needed. Instead of listening to me - remaining home and wearing his mask - my father did quite the opposite. That night he went online and registered his name into a volunteer physician database. He said to me, Ashley - it is my duty and obligation as a physician - this is a call to action and this is why we do what we do. He was right, and I was proud of him. Nothing sums up my dad's character better. A pure altruist; a man who would sacrifice his own health for the wellbeing of others. A man with purpose and conviction, a dedicated physician, a man who would make his own father proud.

I look forward to sharing my passion for medicine with my daughter S█████; a curious and bright eyed 15-month-old girl who has the world at her fingertips. I will teach her the importance of helping others and the power of compassion. It is for this reason that I beg you, your honor, to strongly consider a sentencing that will not take away my dad's ability to practice medicine. For if this is done, you will also take away the magic of medicine from me, from my daughter, and from generations to come. Without medicine my father will be half the person he is - his passion, his life, his care for patients - that is what makes him the dad I know. Not to mention, the thousands of patients who will be deprived of his services, a dedicated and brilliant radiologist, with a heart of gold. As his daughter, I am in the strongest position to tell you about the type of person my father is. There is one thing I am certain of, and that is that his intentions would never be malicious. He is kind and compassionate, carries the weight of the world on his shoulders, and treats everyone as he wants to be treated. He is at times an overly trusting person and perhaps can be a poor judge of character, and I think it is these qualities that may have led him down the wrong path. The suffering that he has gone through since this indictment have far beyond corrected for these lapses in judgement. I know how much he has learned, and how remorseful he is. A sentencing that will take away my father's ability to practice medicine will shatter his soul, kill his spirit, and leave me with half the father I know. Please let the magic of medicine stay alive within my family. Our patients need us. With the utmost respect, I beg of you to consider these words in your decision.

Thank you.

Sincerely,

Dr. Ashley Schreier